

Turning

for Tom Merton, In Memoriam

to move one day near
the beginning not here
the end nowhere
this turning another year

on feet that fall
and dance a death of days ago
in our lost spring
of wind to blow

a fleeting flash of rainy real
in broken thunder
crashed our whys
in light in night

when Time shone out of a star
at us
to silence those shadowed
boyhood cries

with green and growing grass
our grave
in one lone hand
above roses reaching

to know stones and skulls
brier of bones
those bonewhite stonewhite
whitewood eyes

frozen hollows wound round
in moonlit glint of ice
beneath brittle thacking branches
above ground crumbling our cheeks

heads at rest in matted grass
whose snowwet fingers let fall the flakes
to whisper-kiss these cold faces
to shiver in midnight light the evergreen

to run the white winding snowdrift road
of winter glitter winking cold
to sit small boys on grave's iron bench
to look on hills of going home

the birthplace
our turning
another year before Life
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Ron Seitz was a personal friend of Merton between 1958 and 1968. He is the author of *Song for Nobody – A Memory Vision of Thomas Merton*, as well as two collections of poetry. He is currently working on a third volume of poetry and a book entitled *Conversations with Merton*.